

O'Dark-Thirty by Luddleston

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Summary:

Sleeping with Zack Fair was the worst idea Kunsel ever had. He didn't expect Zack to be this jumpy before a mission, and all he knows is that his pillow is far too thin to block out the fact that his best friend will not shut up.

O'Dark-Thirty

Author's Note:

Kunsel is seriously underrepresented in everything. I wish to remedy that.

“Dude. You awake?”

“I am now,” Kunsel sighed, rolling over so that he was no longer facing Zack. He pulled his pillow over his head. This was the second time Zack had woken him up tonight, and he was starting to wonder how in the world his friend ever managed to perform on missions if he was this restless before all of them. Camping out with Zack had seemed like a good idea at first. Now, he was starting to regret bunking with his best friend. Sort of.

“I can’t sleep,” Zack pointed out, rolling onto his stomach and folding his arms on top of his pillow, resting his chin on top of them.

Kunsel rolled his eyes under his pillow. “That much is obvious.”

“Kunselll,” Zack whined, scooting his sleeping bag closer to Kunsel’s and rolling half on top of him. “If I can’t sleep, I’m not letting you go to sleep either!” he declared, trying to tug Kunsel’s head out from under the pillow.

“Off!” Kunsel ordered, elbowing Zack near the ribs. Zack made a distressed noise, but just flopped back on top of Kunsel, wrapping his hands around his friend’s ribcage in attempt to keep himself firmly lodged there.

Eventually, Kunsel gave up. “Fine. If you can’t sleep because you have way too much energy for it to be physically possible, I will just knock you out.”

Zack rolled his eyes. “That’s not going to--you’re serious,” he realized.

“Yep. Get off or I’m hitting you in the head.”

Zack sighed and rolled sideways, now laying spread out on his back. “You’re a bad friend,” he admonished, but Kunsel knew he wasn’t really serious.

“The worst,” he jokingly agreed, shifting so that he was curled around Zack’s side and running his hands though his best friend’s disheveled spiky hair. If there was one way to get Zack to fall asleep, it was touching his hair. He was sort of like a puppy in that regard. And probably in every other one. “Night, Zack,” Kunsel said when Zack finally fell all the way asleep.

His only response was very loud snoring.

He was never camping out with Zack ever again.